

THE MINING CONGRESS.

Notwithstanding the excitements of the present week, Utah must not forget the Mining Congress to be held in a few days at Butte, Mont. Those congresses have been of vast good to the country, and especially to the West.

Agriculture leads all other industries in our country, and this is right for two reasons. The two things that men wear out their lives to secure are board and clothes. The first is supplied by the farmer. In a good many ways he also supplies the latter. Then there is no other place half so good on which to bring up children as a farm. Love of home in the city is not like love of home on a farm, and it is that love expanded which makes patriotism.

But next to farming, the great industry of our country is mining.

Again, the effect of mining, especially precious metal mining, makes up the vitalizing element in business, and civilization advances or recedes as the product of the world's precious metal mines is increased or diminished.

The United States was a fourth class nation, as the world rates nations, until the golden stream commenced flowing in 1849. Its steadily increasing volume ever since from the Great West has advanced the nation in fifty years to a place of such splendor and power as was never reached before by any nation since the beginning of history. Of course, there were many other tremendous factors, but the vitalizing element, the lubricating fluid that kept the boxes cool on all the wheels of progress, has been the money taken from the hills and deserts of the Golden West.

Hence, this great industry should be of much concernment to the whole country, but in the States where mining is the paramount industry, mining congresses should be eagerly attended and delegates should be chosen from the most capable citizens of each State. These delegates should be able to explain every advance made in their respective States, then when opinions are exchanged the industry itself should be strengthened by the added knowledge.

Then it is good for residents of many States to often meet together. It is a refining process, it quickens the minds of the delegates, it broadens their natures, it adds to their respect for their countrymen, it warms and enlarges their patriotism.

Butte is a great place for a convention to meet in. Hospitality runs wild up there. The pace set is a fast one—so fast that only men of iron constitutions should be sent as delegates, for ordinary mortals cannot stand the wear and tear of three days of Butte's courtesies. When the men of Butte become hosts to entertain a company in earnest, it means a weakening of all but the very strongest constitutions among their guests.

We hope the visiting Elks have had a good time, that they will hold their visit here in pleasant remembrance. If they enjoyed their visit as much as the people have enjoyed their coming, they will always have a warm place in their hearts for Salt Lake.

THE POOR STREET CAR SERVICE.

The street car company has a monopoly of the carrying of passengers in Salt Lake City. Its franchise cost it nothing, but when such a franchise is given there is an implied contract on the company's part to return for it good service. The present service is manifestly poor in several particulars. It lacks both in executive ability and is deplorably short in equipment. Finding fault is not pleasant to any one but a common scold, but honest criticism is justifiable. For instance, when the great circus was here a few days since there were probably 12,000 people in attendance. When they were turned out, near midnight, after walking two blocks to the car tracks, they found four

or five cars, with a natural capacity for perhaps thirty people each, with a packing and hanging-on capacity of perhaps sixty-five people each, waiting for them. After waiting twenty-five minutes, as many more cars arrived, and that was the service provided for the thousands. Like experiences have been the rule during the past week. Anyone trying to ride anywhere near meal time or about the time that entertainments, day or night, were on, has been jammed, squeezed, trodden on and tortured, until he could extricate himself and, as a matter of comfort, get off and walk.

We do not forget that there has been a great influx of visitors, but then it was known that the crowd would be here; it is known that large crowds come here every few days.

The service has been unworthy of a company that claims a property value for its franchises and stock of \$3,000,000. Then it has lost hundreds of dollars every day during the week because of not being able to perform effective service.

But it may be asked, "What would you do to help such conditions?"

The answer is: Many things; but only two or three need noting now: Double tracks should be laid so that a continuous stream of cars could run by the depots, and these tracks should extend for half a mile either way through the connections could be made with the east and west tracks of the city. Then there should be a hundred extra cars supplied for trailers to meet a crowd; these would not be expensive changes for a great corporation. Then, when a crowd is coming, arrangements should be made to meet it; when an entertainment at which thousands of people are in attendance is on, the company should have cars ready to accommodate the people when the entertainment is over. Again, when it is known that on every street between 7 and 8 p. m. there will be thousands of people rushing to attend a show, the cars should be on hand to meet the rush. The cars during the past two weeks have missed carrying fifty thousand people that would have been glad to ride. That means \$2500 that has been lost, or the interest on half a million dollars. Moreover, more than 50,000 other people have been jammed, crowded, jostled, maddened until they have jeopardized their immortal souls in damning the company. That kind of work ought to be stopped.

It is said that Ireland was the native country of the elk. People will never doubt that fact who saw Dan Loftus, sashed and plumed, and carrying his grand marshal baton.

THE CORONATION.

So Edward VII. has been successfully crowned. Mother Shipton was mistaken. Her intentions were good, but she could not anticipate how antiseptics were going to help modern surgery.

Crowned amid such a blaze of gems as the modern world never saw before; crowned in the old sacred abbey, while the ringing bells, the blare of trumpets, the chanting of men singers and women singers to organ accompaniment, drowned the whispers among the illustrious sleepers in that old mausoleum.

But those sleepers were, after all, the most impressive feature—the Kings and Queens, the warriors, the statesmen, the law-makers that founded and built up Great Britain's power and splendor, the poets that set her glories to the music of words—the deathless ones of a thousand years.

Edward VII. seems rather small by comparison with some of those sleepers, but in their life no woman sleeper there was sweeter than is Alexandra, the present Queen. It is a good place for a coronation, for no spot could be a more forcible reminder of two essential things, one the brief span of the longest life, the other that under the attrition of years, in a little while the memories of the dead are only cherished by the record that their lives left upon the world. So far Edward

VII. has not much impressed men. If his purposes are high and his dream is to leave his country greater than when he became King, he has not much time in which to work.

If the sleepers there were whispering on coronation day, that was what they were discussing. The accident of birth establishes often who shall be crowned King, but the honors that last come from the heart and mind, and Edward VII. has not much time in which to establish that any exalted memories are to be his due.

"In the strenuous days of the past, in the fierce contention that was here waged by opposing systems, much was said of them that was harsh and bitter, much of which was unjust."—O. W. Powers.

Help me, Cassius, or I sink.—Julius Caesar.

NOT TO BE.

Major Scheibert of the Prussian army was an unofficial attache to General Robert E. Lee and saw, personally, the campaigns of 1862-3 in Virginia and Pennsylvania. In his recollections he records a conversation with Jefferson Davis, in which the President of the Confederacy declared that if Napoleon the Third would break the blockade the South would give him a free hand in Mexico and provide troops for the conquest.

The stars were not shining auspiciously on either Louis Napoleon or Jefferson Davis in those days. Had Louis Napoleon broken the blockade, he would have been licked, and the South would never have had soldiers to help on his conquest. The fates were directing events in those days; the purpose was to have human slavery done away with in this country, and it was not to be interfered with.

The will of Louis Napoleon was good enough, but that was a stubborn Queen across the channel who said "No!" and that settled it. But we may speculate on what would have followed could the dreams of both Napoleon and Davis have been realized. Could the Confederacy have gained its independence and could Mexico have been taken by conquest by the French and Austrians; it would not have been long before there would have been a clash between those two powers. It was the dream of Davis to build up a great slave empire and he would have needed Mexico and Central America in his business. Had his soldiers conquered that country, it would not have been for France, but for the Confederacy.

Then the Monroe Doctrine would have been invoked, and the great North power of this continent would have insisted that no foreign sceptre could be permitted to wave in Mexico, and there would have been long years of war.

But that was not the plan. The purpose was to do away with slavery and to exact from the people North and South the penalty due because of slavery.

It was a fearful assessment that should emphasize the solemn fact that Justice must be done for every wrong; that if it is postponed then on final settlement full interest will be exacted with the principal.

We still have the race problem in the South; we have the age of gold upon us, with its exactions, and still the rule holds good that every wrong must be righted, and if delayed then full interest must be added to the sinister principal.

Mr. Goddard is a big man, but he never felt that his clothes were all too small until last Monday night in the Tabernacle.

It must have been the restraining order of Judge Morse that turned aside the threatened rain while the Elks were celebrating.

Salt Lake under the electric display was like the New Jerusalem—"There was no night there."